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LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE STRIKE ON THE TROLLEY SYSTEM IN BROOKLYN.

TROOPS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT, STATE NATIONAL GUARD, CHARGING A MOB OF STRIKERS AND THEIR SYMPATHIZERS.
[SEE PAGE 75.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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It Must Not Be.

THE permanent retention of Superintendent Byrnes at the head of the police department of this metropolis, under a reform administration, would be not only a monstrous defiance of the popular will, but an evidence of insincerity on the part of the pretended friends of civic regeneration which no amount of special pleading could possibly justify. Superintendent Byrnes is and has been a part of the evil system which has utterly debauched the public service. He has confessedly acquired a great fortune, while in office, in the form of gifts from persons whom he has been able to serve. Conscious of the rottenness of his department, he has done nothing to cleanse it. He has acquiesced in the robbery of the people, in the corruption of the public morals, and in the domination of the vicious forces in our city life. He has forfeited all claim to consideration at the hands of men honestly solicitous for the deliverance of the city from the clutch of the criminal classes. He should be dismissed at once from the place he has defiled by his incompetence and shameful indifference to the public welfare. It is in no sense true that his retention is necessary to secure a proper reorganization of the department. That is a shallow pretense of the intriguing politicians which does not deceive any person of ordinary intelligence.

It ought to be said, too, that the report of the Lexow committee does not, so far as its recommendations are concerned, meet public expectation. It recognizes fully the necessity of an immediate reorganization of the police department, but its proposal that this reorganization shall be effected by a commission appointed by the Governor is contrary to public sentiment, and if carried out will merely perpetuate the evils which already exist. The power to create this commission should be vested in Mayor Strong, to whom the people have, by an overwhelming vote, committed the task of restoring pure and efficient government in this metropolis. To lodge that authority in any other hands would be an outrage utterly incapable of justification, and would inevitably bring grave disaster upon the party which is pledged to effect real and unqualified reform all along the line.

Mortgage Taxation.



THE average rate of interest on the bonded indebtedness of the State of New York, including local indebtedness, fell from 6.22 per cent. in 1880 to 5.01 per cent. in 1890, according to the census report of the latter year, and the city of New York, with her enormous indebtedness, in 1889 floated over twelve million dollars of her bonds at par, at 2.5 per cent., showing that the policy of exempting public indebtedness from taxation, and leaving competition free to operate, has had the effect of reducing the rates of interest very materially during the past two decades. While this has been going on in the public domain, the private citizen who has been compelled to borrow on real estate has been obliged to beg for money at six per cent., and in many instances has not been able to secure it, even at this rate. This is due to the policy of the State, which has demanded a tax of one and one-half per cent. upon this kind of securities, leaving the honest man a net return of only four and one-half per cent. on his money, while there are many railroad stocks and bonds which will yield him five per cent. with less trouble. If this law were uniformly operative, and resulted in a large revenue to the State, there might be some justification for its continuance, even though it operated to oppress the borrower and to hinder the best development of the State, but when we realize that it is practically a dead letter, as a means of raising a revenue, all excuse for its existence must pass away.

In 1890 the census department conducted a special inquiry into the question of mortgages. As a result of that investigation the fact was developed that there were recorded in this State mortgages aggregating in value \$1,607,874,301, and out of this enormous total the State collected its tax of one and one-half per cent. on \$49,167,515, or 3.28 per cent. of the aggregate value. Dropping the amount on which the tax was paid, and which resulted in a revenue of \$737,512—or about seven per cent. of the State tax in 1893—we find that \$1,558,706,726 escaped its tribute to the State. This money cost the borrowers of this State six per cent., or fully one per cent. above the ruling rate in the open market, adding a burden upon this class of our citizenship of \$15,587,067.26. This is more

than five million dollars in excess of all the money collected by direct taxation for State purposes in 1893, and represents the sacrifice which the borrowers are compelled to make that the State may collect a paltry seven per cent. of its revenues, upon less than four per cent. of the mortgages recorded. If the rate of interest on mortgages were fixed at not more than five per cent., and the owners of real estate were allowed to go into the markets for their money on the same terms that public borrowers are allowed to transact business, the owners of mortgaged premises could pay all of the direct State taxes and then save themselves at least five million dollars annually.

In 1881 the State of Massachusetts, after trying a variety of experiments in the taxation of mortgages, passed a law exempting them from taxation. In 1894 there was an attempt to repeal the exemption, resulting in a vote in the General Court of twenty-one in favor and one hundred and eighteen against, showing that its operation is satisfactory in that State. The same policy has been pursued in Rhode Island and Connecticut, and the three States under consideration reduced their rate of interest, as shown by the census bulletins, .75 in the years from 1890 to 1894; while the States of Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, which tax mortgages, showed an increase in current rates of interest of .25, a gain of one per cent. in favor of the non-taxing States as against those which follow the policy of the State of New York. Strangely enough, the New York State Grange, which has had among its membership some of the most radical opponents of exemptions, is moving in this matter, and it is to be one of the leading questions for consideration before the annual meeting to be held in February. It is not unlikely that the Legislature will be asked to consider this matter during the present session, and to put an end to a policy which is discouraging the development of the State by taking it out of the power of real estate owners to realize money upon their securities on equal terms with public and private corporations.

The Tennessee Outrage.

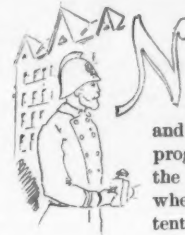
THE action of the Democratic majority in the Tennessee Legislature in preventing the seating of Henry Clay Evans, who was elected Governor on the face of the returns, is likely to have an important influence on the future politics of that progressive State. The pretense upon which Mr. Evans is kept out of the office to which he was elected is that there were irregularities in the election which must be investigated. But the constitution plainly provides that the person who is certified to have received the highest number of votes shall be Governor; the Legislature is not in any sense a returning board, nor can it institute a contest until the official returns have been opened in its presence and declared. Then, and then only, can a contest be legally instituted, and that by the unsuccessful candidate. There is not a word or a line in the constitution which can be construed as justifying the proposition that a candidate having the highest number of votes shall be restrained from taking the oath.

The indications now are that the conspirators who have hatched this desperate scheme for retaining their ascendancy will carry it out, at whatever cost. Their triumph, however, will be only temporary. All the better elements of their party are against them. Many of the most influential Democratic newspapers of the State are protesting with indignant emphasis against the outrage upon law and popular rights. One of them, the *Memphis Avalanche*, points out that the conspiracy must inevitably work infinite mischief to the party and the State—to the former in alienating popular sympathy, and to the latter in repelling capital and enterprise from without. It shows, too, that the legality of Senator Harris's re-election may, as the result of this action of the Democracy, be called in question. If the Republican Governor, it argues, was not legally elected because of poll-tax irregularities in counties giving him a majority, then the Legislature and Congressmen were also illegally chosen. Twenty-one Democratic members of the Legislature were elected from counties where precisely similar irregularities occurred, and no one of these has a clearer or more valid title than Governor Evans, who is refused his certificate. But Senator Harris is elected by these very votes. The Senate will be sure to take cognizance of that fact. Nor is this all. By their course in going behind the returns on the ground of irregularities these Democrats are laying the basis for a contest in the next House of Representatives for the rejection of the Democratic Congressmen-elect. If Governor Evans was not elected, what right has any one of these, whose majority is made up by the votes of persons who did not pay a poll tax, to a seat in the House? Another result which will surely follow the consummation of this scheme, on the ground of poll-tax irregularities, will be that doubt will be cast upon the validity of the legislation of the session, and enormous damage may be done to the credit of the State.

Whatever may be the immediate outcome of this rascally intrigue, the ultimate result cannot be doubtful. The Republican party will come out of the struggle for honest government stronger and more fully armed for aggressive action than it has ever been before. The people of Tennessee believe in law; they are in full sympathy with the modern spirit; they have a just pride in their State, its history and its possibilities; and they will not only set the seal of their condemnation upon the men who are smirching

its good name for low and venal partisan purposes, but they will reward with deserved confidence the party which stands for constitutional order and the principles of civic righteousness.

A Hint as to Tenement Reform.



NOW that the subject of tenement-house reform is engaging public attention, the results of the experiences of other communities in dealing with the problem have a peculiar interest and value. Nowhere, perhaps, has greater progress been made toward the solution of the problem than in the city of London, where it has continuously engaged the attention of practical and public-spirited men for over fifty years, and where, as a result

of all these years of effort and of a total expenditure of three or four millions sterling, more than one hundred thousand people are now housed in improved dwellings.

The London movement dates from 1844, when the population of the city was only about half of what it is at the present time. For thirty-five years the work of providing the industrial classes with well-built dwellings in convenient situations was carried on entirely by private enterprise. The people who were interested in it, and who supplied the money, were, of course, organized as corporations. Work on a large scale could not otherwise have been entered upon. But it was not until about 1878, after these corporations had opened out the way and shown what could be done by means of enterprise and good management, that Parliament came to their aid with two or three measures which, during the last twenty years, have greatly facilitated and extended their work.

From the commencement the pioneers of the movement disclaimed any charitable intentions, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. They were convinced that it was possible to provide London with a large number of improved dwellings for the artisan and laboring population, let at reasonable rents, and at the same time earn a dividend of five per cent. on the capital outlay. Men of wealth and position, actively interested in social and philanthropic work, advanced the capital when the workmen's dwellings companies first commenced business; but when once a start had been made and good results achieved on a small scale, the promoters of the movement were able to obtain all the money they desired, although investors were specifically told that in no event would a dividend exceeding five per cent. ever be paid. The improved-dwellings companies had made good all their promises before Parliament interested itself in their work. They had shown investors that it was possible to make a steady five per cent. out of these enterprises, and they had made it clear to the working classes that improved dwellings afforded better and cheaper accommodation than was offered them by the ordinary London landlords.

Even when Parliamentary recognition finally came it was in a rather round-about and cautious way; for in those days socialism was not in the air in England as it is at the present time. Early in the 'seventies, however, the Metropolitan Board of Works, which at that time was the municipal council for London, was contemplating a large number of street-improvement schemes in central London. These were all on a grand scale, and involved clearances to a hitherto unheard-of extent. Scores of streets and hundreds of alleys and courts, full of tumble-down property, were to be demolished in order to make way for magnificent thoroughfares, like Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross Road, and Gray's Inn Road. These clearances involved the disturbance of thousands of working people, the nature of whose occupation compelled them to live in central London. When the metropolitan board went to Parliament for its sanction to these vast undertakings Parliament had these working classes in mind, and stipulated that the carrying out of the improvements should not have the effect of forcing the laboring population out of London. In the acts authorizing the improvements it was stipulated that when an improvement was carried out the scheme should always include a provision of dwelling accommodation for at least as many of the working classes as were displaced, and upon the Home Department was thrown the duty of protecting the working classes in this matter.

It was at this point that the improved-dwellings companies came into direct relationship with the municipal authorities. The metropolitan board itself was not empowered to build and rent workmen's dwellings. All that it could do was to clear the land and lease such of it as was needed for this purpose to persons or companies willing to erect and maintain these tenement buildings. The land was sold subject to its being used as sites for workmen's dwellings, and any failure on the part of purchasers would result in the land reverting to the metropolitan board. The board was busy with its improvement schemes between 1878 and 1888, and during these ten years hundreds of the blocks of workmen's dwellings, which are now so familiar to visitors to London, were erected. The companies were all possessed of large capital, but their building activities during this period were so immense that additional capital had to be secured. To accommodate them at this time the imperial treasury, through its public works loan department, lent them large sums of money at very low rates of interest, so that from 1878 onward the dwellings companies

in London have received great help from Parliament and the treasury. They are now, in fact, semi-public concerns.

In Manchester and Glasgow the municipal corporations have built dwellings for the working classes. In London, however, the work has been left entirely to great corporations and trusts organized and carrying on their business in the manner described. Nor, on the whole, could this work have been better or more cheaply done. It has been carried out on an enormous scale, and it is almost impossible to estimate its good results to the working classes all over London. One fact, however, stands out clearly. If it had not been for the pioneer work of these companies, and for the measures passed by Parliament with the same object in view, there would have been no standing ground left for the industrial classes in central London. The great increase in the value of land must inevitably have driven them out to the suburbs; and, to thousands of the London working classes, homes in the suburbs would have meant continuous inconvenience and loss.

The public-spirited citizens who are pushing the work of tenement reform in this metropolis may find in this recital of the results achieved in London, suggestions worthy of their careful consideration.

WHAT'S GOING ON

WESTERN journalism has more than kept pace, in recent years, with the newspapers of the East in breadth of enterprise and growth in influence and usefulness. The Sunday issues of some of the leading journals of the larger cities are especially notable for both the quantity and quality of their contents. Among these representatives of the highest type of journalism is the *Minneapolis Times*, of which Mr. W. E. Haskell is the editorial manager. Carefully edited, always bright and newsy, able and fearless in its treatment of public questions, its Sunday edition is peculiarly attractive and interesting because of the literary, social, dramatic, musical and other special features which make it in itself a veritable encyclopædia.

The proposed transfer of some of the New England cotton industries to the South is an important sign of the times. The movement has its initiative, of course, in the consideration that labor is cheaper, and the raw materials nearer at hand, in the Southern States than they are in Massachusetts or New Hampshire, and the effect will be, in the long run, undoubtedly, favorable to the consumer. If the Southern people were wise to discern their opportunities, and courageous enough to break away from worn-out economic theories, they might easily acquire the manufacturing supremacy of the Union as to some leading industries; but this result, with all their natural advantages, will be impossible so long as they cling to the fallacy of free trade and remain intolerant of all progress in political ideas and policies.

The movement in favor of the passage of a bill by the New York Legislature providing for the flogging of wife-beaters is likely to provoke wide discussion. It seems to have the decided approval of many members of the medical profession and others who believe that nothing short of corporal punishment will deter a certain class of offenders from acts of brutality toward women and children. It is argued that this form of punishment has proved efficacious where every other method has failed; and this is undoubtedly the case as to those criminals with whom the sense and fear of pain is stronger than the feeling of self-respect. The proposed act provides that corporal punishment shall also be applied to persons guilty of highway robbery. The flogging may not in any case exceed forty lashes on the bare back, and the punishment must in all cases be inflicted by a keeper or warden of the prison to which the criminal is sent, in the presence of a physician duly authorized.

The conservative forces in French politics have again vindicated their mastery over the radical and revolutionary party. The crisis precipitated by the resignation of M. Casimir-Perier—an act which was expected to lead to popular tumult and displays of violence—proved to be no crisis at all. The people "rose to the occasion" with patriotic steadiness of purpose, and the National Assembly elected a new President with less excitement than has characterized its action as to many matters of infinitely less concern. In this election, too, it adhered to the policy represented by Carnot and his successor, and administered a needed and very decided check to the extremists, whose turbulence and arrogance have greatly impeded the progress of the republic. The new President, François Félix Faure, has been identified with public affairs for a decade and a half, having served under Gambetta and subsequently in the Cabinets of Ferry, Tirard, and Carnot, and as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, displaying in each position great practical sagacity and devotion to the public interests. Whether he will be able to deal successfully with the socialist danger which menaces the existing order in the republic is yet to be determined.

The proposition of the conference of charities of this city to purchase, under legislative sanction, a farm to

which the vicious beggars, the petty criminals, and the degraded and miserable outcasts who swarm the streets may be committed for indefinite periods and compelled to undergo a systematic and rigid course of industrial training, is a step toward the solution of a very serious and important problem. The movement proceeds upon the theory that there is in the most abandoned some remnant of good which may be, under favoring environments, appealed to successfully—conforming in this respect to the basal principle of the social-regeneration movement initiated in London by the Salvation Army. It will be interesting to observe whether the theory will be justified by actual results. At any rate, the scheme, if undertaken in earnest, will bring the vagrants and tramps who now defy restraint under practical and effective control, and tend to relieve the community from the importunities of the professional beggars who flock hither, at certain seasons, from all parts of the country. The more enthusiastic supporters of the scheme believe that while under it many persons would be restored to their self-respect and made productive factors in society, it would also in time become self-supporting. In California, where the tramp problem, as we observe, is looming up with sinister aspect, it is proposed to arrest all vagrants and petty criminals and put them at work on country roads, and it is expected that the Legislature will be called upon to pass such enactments as may be necessary to the carrying out of this or some other equally effective plan of relief.

Men and Things.

THE present has been a remarkably interesting musical season, and in many ways its fullness and novelty have served in some degree to make amends for the futile manner in which our theatrical managers have attempted to appeal to intelligent theatre-goers. The opera, directed and circumscribed as it is by commercial enterprise, has been unusually attractive, and has been presented in an unusual manner; the greatest fault to be found being in the limited and faded repertory. The chief interest in the season, however, has not been focused on the opera but on the several very talented artists who have appeared at intervals during the last four or five weeks at various concerts and recitals. Cesar Thomson, Stavenhagen, Gerardy, and Ysaye (my rural friends elude the difficulties of pronouncing this name by calling it *easy*) are the most important of these. And while acknowledging the rare skill of all of them, I want to make especial mention of Gerardy. Not since young Hoffman's visit five or six years ago has such an example of youthful precocity appeared before us. He is a lad of sixteen or seventeen, but a lad only in age and appearance, for his mastery over the violoncello shows him to have the skill and feeling of the mature artist. That his technique should be firm—almost faultless—is no matter of especial remark, but the depth and strength of the feeling which he expresses leave one in wonderment.

A newspaper announcement of the arrival of Paul Jones at San Francisco from Yokohama brings to mind the idiotic wager made by Jones, just about a year ago, with some of his fellow-members of the Boston Athletic Club. Jones wagered that with absolutely nothing in his possession to start with he could make his way from Boston around the world and return with five thousand dollars, all within the year. The wager, which was for some three or four thousand dollars, was accepted, and after having all his clothes taken from him he was put in one of the club's rooms and told to start on his journey. Some newspaper men, who wanted to interview him, were admitted at a quarter a head, and with this fund and the aid of some friend he purchased enough Manila paper to make him a suit—or at least a covering—and then started forth. The history of his travels tells of his exhibiting himself in shop-windows with the manilla-paper suit; parading the streets of Boston, London, Paris, and other cities in the rôle of sandwich-man, and various other adventures undertaken for sums which on his arrival at San Francisco aggregated four thousand two hundred dollars, with three weeks to make up the balance of eight hundred. Ridiculous as this wager and the subsequent story of it seems, it really is of interest, showing, as it does, what may be accomplished by a fool with unlimited assurance.

The "small but honorable minority" in this country to whom the work of Mr. Henry James appeals were bitterly disappointed a fortnight or so ago at the cable reports of the reception of his play, "Guy Domville," which George Alexander had the temerity to produce at his London theatre. The disappointment would hardly have been as keen if there had not been forebodings of failure. For what one of his most ardent admirers among us could dare hope for his scenic success—a success which he has long coveted? So the brief message of failure, though expected, brought none of the pleasure of fulfilled prophecy—not to his admirers at least. But since then fuller and more accurate accounts have reached us, and told what to most will seem inexplicable: that the delighted applause of the intelligent part of the audience was drowned out by the preconcerted efforts of a band of some thirty or forty drunken roughs, and a palpable success—as has been proved by the enthusiastic audiences in attendance since the first night—was turned into a seeming failure. At whose

instigation this outrageous treatment of an inoffensive—though American—author was planned and carried out, it will probably never be known. But the enmity of a well-known London correspondent of a New York paper for Mr. George Alexander may explain in some measure cable dispatches which willfully pervert the truth.

London has had something of a musical sensation this winter in the appearance of young Siegfried Wagner as conductor at a series of concerts in Queen's Hall. Bernard Shaw, the author of the delightful "Arms and the Man," and the best equipped musical critic in London, thus describes the young keppelmeister's first appearance: "You may believe how ghostly a sensation I had when I saw, making its guarded way through the crowd, a phantom Wagner. Of course I knew it was Siegfried Wagner, son of Richard, and grandson of Liszt; but for all that, what appeared to me was the father, in his habit as he lived, the old face with immortal youth in it, the set expression of endurance, the apprehensive step." The man who experienced that is to be envied. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

People Talked About.

—JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, the richest man in America, lives in a comparatively modest fashion. He has never built a palace on Fifth Avenue, and his equipage is not of that gorgeous character to attract attention on the street. His New York house is at West Fifty-fourth Street, opposite St. Luke's Hospital. The house is surrounded by spacious grounds, and is handsomely furnished, but there is no ostentatious or even notable display of the evidences of wealth. There are no servants in livery; in fact, there are no men-servants at all. The door is opened by a maid in cap and apron, and maid-servants wait on the table. It has been repeatedly remarked, by the way, that Mr. Rockefeller looks like a preacher. He is not a large or impressive-looking man, but has stooping shoulders and a solemn face. He is, in fact, a deacon in the Baptist Church.

—The Mark Twain of to-day is a different man from the one who wrote "Innocents Abroad." In the last twenty years he has developed, broadened, and deepened. He is a man of the highest culture, widely read and widely informed, an accomplished linguist, a thorough literary scholar, and a deep and serious thinker. His special favorites in literature are Shakespeare and Browning. These masters he has studied long and carefully, known them almost by heart, and his recital of favorite selections has often given pleasure to his friends. His three daughters, brought up in surroundings of utmost refinement and culture, are all bright, well educated, and accomplished.

—A New York lady traveling in Norway writes that the poet Ibsen dines every day at the Grand Hotel, Christiania. He sits in solitary grandeur, at a little table, seldom speaking to any one except the waiter, but very often taking notes of those around him. Ibsen's wife is alive, but they are never seen together. He is one of the vainest men in the world, and he always carries a comb and looking-glass in his hat. Before and after lunch he stealthily adjusts his locks, looking steadfastly into his hat and the little mirror it enshrines. For a Norwegian he is very rich.

—There has been talk out in Indiana about General Lew Wallace, who is now in Washington, as a Republican candidate for Governor a year hence. Concerning this report the general says: "I do not want the honor. I do not, at my age, want to give up four years to politics. If my State needed me I would gladly be a candidate. But as matters are now, in these piping days of peace, I do not want to make a campaign. I have other work mapped out for the declining years of my life, and cannot enter active politics."

—When Miss Kate Sanborn produced her "Adopting an Abandoned Farm" it was at once pronounced remarkably clever, especially in its humor, which, by the way, is never forced, but which bubbles up spontaneously like the water of a spring. Miss Sanborn comes of good old Vermont stock. Her brother, Edwin W. Sanborn, also a writer and humorist as well, is a prominent young lawyer in New York. Miss Sanborn is now at her country home, near Metcalf, Massachusetts.

—Miss Edith M. Thomas, the poet and the assistant editor of *St. Nicholas*, has a longish, oval face, with a brow a little too massive for exact symmetry, yet softened and shadowed by a fringe of dark hair. The eyes are also dark and deeply thoughtful. The skin is perfectly clear and pale. Tall and slender to the point of fragility, there is yet about her a fine gracious reserve at once distinctive and individual. She dresses simply, with not the slightest effort for display.

—The author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," Miss Marietta Holley, was in New York the other day, on a shopping tour. She is large and fine looking, with handsome dark eyes, and a face full of humor and full of peace and content; a warm-hearted, unaffected, entertaining woman, without the least conceit about her success. Her home is in a quiet village in the interior of New York State.

—Berlin is being entertained by Hassan Ali, an Arabian who was born in Egypt. He has reached the height of nine feet two inches, and he is only sixteen years old, and it is thought that he may grow taller. The Chinese giant, Shang Yu Sing, was only eight feet eight inches when he was twenty-four years old.



THOMAS S. MARTIN (DEMOCRAT), VIRGINIA.



GENERAL WILLIAM J. SEWELL (REPUBLICAN), NEW JERSEY.



JOHN M. THURSTON (REPUBLICAN), NEBRASKA.



JULIUS CARSON BURROWS (REPUBLICAN), MICHIGAN.



CLARENCE D. CLARK (REPUBLICAN), WYOMING.



FRANCIS E. WARREN (REPUBLICAN), WYOMING.



LEE MANTLE (REPUBLICAN), MONTANA.



THOMAS H. CARTER (REPUBLICAN), MONTANA.



B. R. TILLMAN (POPULIST), SOUTH CAROLINA.



STEPHEN B. ELKINS (REPUBLICAN), WEST VIRGINIA.



JETER C. FRITCHARD (REPUBLICAN), NORTH CAROLINA.
SHORT TERM.



MARION BUTLER (POPULIST), NORTH CAROLINA.

NEW FACES THAT WILL SHORTLY BE SEEN IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



"Suddenly, to my relief, he burst out laughing."

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.*

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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IX.—(Continued).



Now, about the Cullingworths. Adam is as amiable as ever, and yet, somehow, unless I am deceiving myself, she has changed somewhat of late in her feelings toward me. I have turned upon her suddenly more than once and caught the skirt of a glance which was little less than malignant. In one or two small matters I have also detected a hardness in her which I had never observed before. Is it that I have intruded too much into their family life? Have I come between the husband and the wife? Goodness knows I have striven with all my little stock of tact to avoid doing so. And yet I have often felt that my position was a false one. Perhaps a young man attaches too much importance to a woman's glances and gestures. He wishes to assign a definite meaning to each, when they may be only the passing caprice of the moment. Ah, well, I have nothing to blame myself with, and, in any case, it will soon be all over now.

Commenced in the issue of December 18th.

And then I have seen something of the same sort in Cullingworth, but he is so strange a being that I never attach much importance to his variations. He glares at me like an angry bull occasionally, and then, when I ask him what is the matter, he growls out, "Oh, nothing," and turns on his heel. Then at other times he is so cordial and friendly that he almost overdoes it, and I find myself wondering whether he is not acting. It must seem ungracious to you that I should speak so of a man who has been my benefactor, and it seems so to me also, but still that is the impression which he leaves upon me sometimes. It's an absurd idea, too, for what possible object could his wife and he have in pretending to be amiable, if they did not really feel so? And yet you know the feeling that you get when a man smiles with his lips and not with his eyes.

Once we went to the Central Hotel billiard-room in the evening to play a match. Our form is just about the same, and we should have had an enjoyable game if it had not been for that queer temper of his. He had been in a sullen humor the whole day, pretending not to hear what I said to him, or else giving snappy answers, and looking like a thunder-cloud. I was determined not to have a row, so I took no notice at all of his continual provocations, which, instead of pacifying him, seemed to encourage him to become more offensive. At the end of the match, wanting two to win, I put down the white, which was in the jaws of the pocket. He cried out that this was bad form. I contended that it was folly to refrain from doing it when one

was only two off game, and, on his continuing to make remarks, I appealed to the marker, who took the same view as I did. This opposition only increased his anger, and he suddenly broke out into most violent language, abusing me in unmeasured terms. I said to him, "If you have anything to say to me, Cullingworth, come out into the street and say it there. It's a caddish thing to speak like that before the marker." He lifted his cue and I thought he was going to strike me with it, but he flung it clattering on the floor and chucked half-a-crown to the man. When we were out in the street he began at once in as offensive a tone as ever.

"That's enough, Cullingworth," I said. "I've stood already rather more than I can carry."

We were in the bright light of a shop-window at the moment. He looked at me, and looked for a second time, uncertain what to do. At any moment I might have found myself in a desperate street-row with a man who was my medical partner. I gave no provocation, but kept myself keenly on the alert. Suddenly, to my relief, he burst out laughing (such a roar as made the people stop on the other side of the road), and, passing his arm through mine, he hurried me down the street.

"Devil of a temper you've got, Munro," said he. "By Crums! it's hardly safe to go out with you. I never know what you're going to do next. Eh, what? You mustn't be peppery with me, though, for I mean well toward you, as you'll see before you get finished with me."

I have told you this trivial little scene, Bertie, to show the strange way in which Cullingworth springs quarrels upon me; suddenly, without the slightest possible provocation, taking a most offensive tone, and then, when he sees he has goaded me to the edge of my endurance, turning the whole thing to chaff. This has occurred again and again recently, and, when coupled with the change in Mrs. Cullingworth's demeanor, makes one feel that something has happened to change one's relations. What that something may be I give you my word that I have no more idea than you have. Between their coldness, however, and my unpleasant correspondence with my mother, I was often very sorry that I had not taken the South American liner.

Cullingworth is preparing for the issue of our new paper. He has carried the matter through with his usual energy, but he doesn't know enough about local affairs to be able to write about them, and it is a question whether he can interest the people here in anything else. At present we are prepared to run the paper single-handed; we are working seven hours a day at the practice, we are building a stable, and in our odd hours we are practicing at our magnetic ship-protector, with which Cullingworth is still well pleased, though he wants to get it more perfect before submitting it to the admiralty.

His mind runs rather on naval architecture at present, and he has been devising an ingenious method of preventing wooden-sided vessels from being crippled by artillery fire. I did not think much of his magnetic attractor, because it seemed to me that even if it had all the success that he claimed for it, it would merely have the effect of substituting some other metal for steel in the manufacture of shells. This new project has, however, more to recommend it. This is the idea as put in his own words, and, as he has been speaking of little else for the last two days, I ought to remember them.

"If you've got your armor there, laddie, it will be pierced," says he. "Put up forty feet thick of steel, and I'll build a gun that will knock it into tooth-powder. It would blow away and set the folk coughing after I had one shot at it. But you can't pierce armor which only drops after the shot has passed through. What's the good of it? Why, it keeps out the water. That's the main thing, after all. I call it the Cullingworth spring-shutter screen. Eh, what, Munro? I wouldn't take a quarter of a million for the idea. You see how it would work. Spring-shutters are furled all along the top of the bulwarks where the hammocks used to be. They are in sections three feet broad, we will say, and capable when let down of reaching the keel. Very well! Enemy send a shot through Section A of the side. Section A shutter is lowered. Only a thin film, you see, but enough to form a temporary plug. Enemy's ram knocks in Sections B, C, D, of the side. What do you do? Founder? Not a bit; you lower Sections B, C, and D of Cullingworth's spring-shutter screen. Or, you knock a hole on a rock. The same thing again. It's a ludicrous sight to see a big ship founder when so simple a precaution would absolutely save her. And it's equally good for iron-clads also. A shot often starts their plates and admits water without breaking them. Down go your shutters and all is well."

That's his idea, and he is busy on a model made out of the steels of his wife's stays. It sounds plausible, but he has the knack of making anything plausible when he is allowed to slap his hands and bellow.

We are both writing novels, but I fear that the results don't bear out his theory that a man may do anything which he sets his will to. I thought mine was not so bad (I have done nine chapters), but Cullingworth says he has read it all before, and that it is much too conventional. We must rivet the attention of the public from the start, he says. Certainly his own is calculated to do so, for it seems to me to be wild rubbish. The end of his first chapter is the only tolerable point that he has made. A fraudulent old baronet is running race-horses on the cross. His son, who is just coming of age, is an innocent youth. The news of the great race of the year has just been received.

"Sir Robert tottered into the room with dry lips and a ghastly face.

"My poor boy," he cried. "Prepare for the worst!"

"Our horse has lost!" cried the young heir, springing from his chair.

"The old man threw himself in agony upon the rug. 'No, no!' he screamed. 'It has won!'"

Most of it, however, is poor stuff, and we are each agreed that the other was never meant for a novelist.

So much for our domestic proceedings, and all these little details which you say you like to hear of. Now I must tell you of the great big change in my affairs, and how it came about.

I have told you about the strange, sulky behavior of Cullingworth, which has been

deepening from day to day. Well, it reached a climax this morning, and on our way to the rooms I could hardly get a word out of him. The place was fairly crowded with patients, but my own share was rather below the average. When I had finished I added a chapter to my novel, and waited until he and his wife were ready for the daily bag-carrying homeward.

It was half-past three before he had done. I heard him stamp out into the passage, and a moment later he banged into my room. I saw in an instant that some sort of a crisis had come.

"Munro," he cried, "this practice is going to the devil."

"Ah!" said I. "How's that?"

"It's going to little pieces, Munro. I've been taking figures, and I know what I am talking about. A month ago I was seeing six hundred a week. Then I dropped to five hundred and eighty, then to five-seventy-five, and now to five-sixty. What do you think of that?"

"Well, to be honest, I don't think much of it," I answered. "The summer is coming on. You are losing all your coughs and colds and sore throats. Every practice must dwindle at this time of year."

"That's all very well," said he, pacing up and down the room with his hands thrust into his pockets and his great shaggy eyebrows knotted together. "You may put it down to that, but I think quite differently about it."

"What do you put it down to, then?"

"To you."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "you must allow that it is a very queer coincidence—if it is a coincidence—that from the day when your plate was put up my practice has taken a turn for the worse."

"I should be very sorry to think it was cause and effect," I answered. "How do you think that my presence could have hurt you?"

"Well, I'll tell you frankly, old chap," said he, putting on suddenly that sort of forced smile which always seems to me to have a touch of a sneer in it. "You see, many of my patients are simple country folk, half imbecile for the most part; but then, the half-crown of an imbecile is as good as any other half-crown. They come to my door, and they see two names, and their silly jaws begin to drop, and they say to each other, 'There's two of 'em here. It's Dr. Cullingworth we want to see, but if we go in we'll be shown, as likely as not, to Dr. Munro.' So it ends, in some cases, in their not coming in at all. Then there are the women. Women don't care a toss whether you are a Solomon or whether you are hot from an asylum. It's all personal with them. You fetch them or you don't fetch them. I know how to work them, but they won't come if they think they are going to be turned over to anybody else. That's what I put the falling away down to."

"Well," said I, "that's easily set right." I marched out of the room and down-stairs, with both Cullingworth and his wife behind me. Into the yard I went, and, picking up a big hammer, I started for the front door, with the pair still at my heels. I got the forked end of the hammer under my plate, and, with a good wrench, I brought the whole thing clattering on to the pavement.

"That won't interfere with you any more," said I.

"Well, what do you intend to do now?" he asked.

"I shall find plenty to do. Don't you worry about that," I answered.

"Oh, but this is all rot," said he, picking up the plate. "Come along up-stairs, and let us see where we stand."

We filed off once more, he leading with the huge brass "Dr. Munro" under his arm, then the little woman, and then this rather perturbed and bemuddled young man. He and his wife sat on the deal table in the consulting-room, like a hawk and a turtle-dove on the same perch, while I leaned against the mantelpiece with my hands in my pocket. Nothing could be more prosaic and informal, but I knew very well that I was at a crisis of my life. Before, it was only a choosing between two roads. Now, my main track had run suddenly to nothing, and I must go back or find a by-path.

"It's this way, Cullingworth," said I; "I am very much obliged to you, and to you, Mrs. Cullingworth, for all your kindness and good wishes, but I did not come here to spoil your practice; and, after what you have told me, it is quite impossible for me to work with you any more."

"Well, my boy," said he, "I am inclined myself to think that we should do better apart, and that's Hetty's idea also, only she is too polite to say so."

"Well, it is a time for plain speaking," I answered, "and we may as well thoroughly understand each other. If I have done your practice any harm, I assure you that I am heartily sorry, and I shall do all I can to repair it. I cannot say more."

"What are you going to do, then?" asked Cullingworth.

"Well, I shall either go to sea or else start a practice on my own account."

"But you have no money."

"Well, neither had you when you started."

"Ah, that was different. Still, it may be that you are right. You'll find it a stiff pull at first."

"Oh, I am quite prepared for that."

"Well, you know, Munro, I feel that I am responsible to you to some extent, since I persuaded you not to take that ship the other day."

"It was a pity, but it can't be helped."

"Well, we must do what we can to make up. Now I tell you what I am prepared to do. I was talking about it with Hetty this morning, and she thought as I did. If we were to allow you one pound a week until you got your legs under you it would encourage you to start for yourself, and you could pay it back as soon as you were able."

"It is very kind of you," said I. "If you would let the matter stand just now I should like just to take a short walk by myself, and to think it all over."

So the Cullingworths did their bag-procession through the doctors' quarter alone to-day, and I walked to the park, where I sat down on one of the seats and lit a cigar and thought the whole matter over. I was down on my luck at first, but the balmy air and the smell of spring and the budding flowers soon set me right again. I began my last letter among the stars, and I am inclined to finish this one among the flowers, for they are rare companions when one's mind is troubled. Most things on this earth, from a woman's beauty to the taste of a nectarine, seem to be the various baits with which Nature lures her silly gudgeons. They shall eat, they shall propagate, and, for the sake of pleasing themselves, they shall hurry down the road which has been laid out for them. But there lurks no bribe in the smell and beauty of the flower. Its charm has no ulterior motive.

Well, I sat down there and brooded. In my heart I did not believe that Cullingworth had taken alarm at so trifling a decrease. That could not have been his real reason for driving me from the practice. He had found me in the way in his domestic life, no doubt, and he had devised this excuse for getting rid of me. Whatever the reason was, it was sufficiently plain that all my hopes of building up a surgical practice which would keep parallel with his medical one were forever at an end. On the whole, bearing in mind my mother's opposition, and the continual janglings which we had had during the last few weeks, I was not very sorry. On the contrary, a sudden curious little thrill of happiness took me somewhere about the back of the midriff, and, as a drift of rooks passed cawing over my head, I began cawing also in the overflow of my spirits.

And then, as I walked back, I considered how far I could avail myself of this money from Cullingworth. It was not much, but it would be madness to start without it, for I had sent home the little which I had saved at Horton's. I had not more than six pounds in the whole world. I reflected that the money could make no difference to Cullingworth, with his large income, while it made a vast one to me. I should repay him in a year or two at the latest. Perhaps I might get on so well as to be able to dispense with it almost at once. There could be no doubt that it was the representations of Cullingworth as to my future prospects in Bradfield which had made me refuse the excellent appointment in the *Decia*. I need not, therefore, have any scruples at accepting some temporary assistance from his hands. On my return, I told him that I had decided to do so, and thanked him at the same time for his generosity.

"That's all right," said he. "Hetty, my dear, get a bottle of fizz in, and we shall drink success to Munro's new venture."

It seemed only the other day that he had been drinking my entrance into partnership, and here we were, the same three, sipping good luck to my exit from it. I'm afraid our second ceremony was, on both sides, the heartier of the two.

"I must decide now where I am to start," I remarked. "What I want is some nice little town where all the people are rich and ill."

"I suppose you wouldn't care to settle here in Bradfield?" asked Cullingworth.

"Well, I cannot see much point in that. If I harmed you as a partner I might do so more as a rival. If I succeeded, it might be at your expense."

"Well," said he; "choose your town and my offer still holds good."

We hunted out an atlas and laid the map of England before us on the table. Cities and villages lay beneath me as thick as freckles, and yet there was nothing to lead me to choose one rather than another.

"I think it should be some place large enough to give you plenty of room for expansion," said he.

"Not too near London," added Mrs. Cullingworth.

"And, above all, a place where I know nobody," said I. "I can rough it by myself, but I can't keep up appearances before visitors."

"Well, what do you say to Stockwell?" asked Cullingworth, putting the amber of his pipe upon a town within thirty miles of Bradfield.

I had hardly heard of the place, but I raised my glass. "Well, here's to Stockwell!" I cried. "I shall go there to-morrow morning and prospect." We all drank the toast (as you will do at Lowell when you read this), and so it is arranged; and you may rely upon it that I shall give you a full and particular account of the result. With all that's cordial,

Yours ever, J. STARK MUNRO.

(To be continued.)

Leprosy in New York.

A GENUINE leper, a Chinese named Sam Sing, died recently just across the North River from New York, in a New Jersey almshouse. Rather, he passed away in the lazaretto adjoining the Hudson County almshouse at Snake Hill. After ten years of suffering he lies buried in a lonely grave marked with the number 2,048, in the middle of what is known as the Hackensack meadows.

Sam Sing was a laundryman, who for four years has patiently awaited the end in the little shanty-like structure, built for his especial benefit, directly to the rear of the small-pox hospital of Hudson County. Sam had been a leper for six years before that, but the terrible disease was not discovered by the authorities of New Jersey until four years ago.

A victim of leprosy dying thus in a New York suburb has shocked the finer sensibilities of the average New-Yorker, and has awakened in the big metropolis a renewed interest in the disease. There are lepers in plenty to-day walking the streets of Gotham, but the late Sam Sing was the last of three victims quarantined in the vicinity of New York. Three years ago there was a settlement of two of them in an old army tent on North Brother Island. These men were Ong Moy Toy, a Mott Street fantan player, and Tsang Ding, a merchant. Guarded so that they could not make their escape, they led just such a life as did Sing at Snake Hill. Ding was a man of education, who had little in common with the gambler, Toy, but the two became very friendly. Toy wanted to play fantan, but could find no one to play with, Ding being much too dignified. Toy tried to induce the doctors and the nurse to learn the game, but they would have nothing to do with it either. Ding died in April, 1892. Toy pined from that time on, and died in June, 1893. Thus the leper settlement of North Brother Island passed out of existence.

A physician in a New York hospital estimated that there are nearly one hundred cases of genuine leprosy in New York and Brooklyn at the present time. A noticeable case is that of a woman who was seen in Park Row the other day elbowing her way through a dense throng of people. She was indeed a repulsive object. Her ears were almost as large as one's hand, thick, purple, and hanging down an inch; her lips were thick and seemingly hard; her hands were stiff and covered with scales, the fingers being drawn and puffed up, and her nose was abnormally developed, the nostrils probably being closed. As she passed along at a rapid gait her big, white, scaly hand lay caressingly on the shoulder of a ten-year-old girl whom she was pushing along through the crowd.

For thirty years certainly, and no telling how much longer, leprosy has been present in New York. By reference to the charts of physicians who make skin diseases a study, one will see that all localities which produce leprosy subjects are designated by a red tracing. This red tracing envelops the metropolis, and the records of physicians will show that more than one person who lived here all his life has been stricken with the dread disease. It is very difficult to get the actual facts in such cases, because the afflicted persons are very sensitive, and the physicians who attend them as much as possible protect them from exposure.

Among the lepers in New York is a fine-looking, still young fellow, of perhaps twenty-eight. He is educated, refined, intelligent, bon vivant, and worth a million dollars. His social connections are the very best. His features are little distorted. He lives in fashionable quarters in Fifth Avenue, goes driving, mingles with his fellows freely, is an enthusiastic yachtsman. He drives, walks, rides on the elevated railway, the horse-cars and ferry-boats, and goes to the theatre when he chooses.

There was a new case in Brooklyn a few months ago in the person of an old woman. At a hospital, after she was examined by the physicians, she stepped down and took her seat among the rest of the patients, who may or may not have been aware of the nature of the disease. Here was a genuine case of "elephantiasis." As few laymen know what elephantiasis is, and as she generally gave the information in a jocular way, she was secure until one

of her friends looked up the word in a medical work, and then she was shunned by even her best friends.

Some of the New York hospitals receive leprous subjects in their wards, but there is still a serious objection on the part of many of the directors to such receptions.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

Naval Surgery.

RECENT tests have proved to the entire satisfaction of marine experts throughout the world the complete success of a most interesting experiment in naval surgery. Two iron-clad gun-boats of Uncle Sam's new "white squadron"—the *Machias* and the *Castine*—were found to be top-heavy on their first trial trips, over a year ago, and a board of inquiry was convened to fix the blame and propose a remedy. It was found that the contractors had followed specifications, and that the error lay with the designers, not the builders, of the craft. The government was therefore required to pay for the vessels, and the board of inquiry ordered plans prepared for lengthening them. It was found impossible to shift the ballast or to make other alterations enough to make them seaworthy in their original proportions, and the experiment of lengthening them by adding fourteen feet to their midship sections was decided upon.

Accordingly, the two condemned gun-boats were turned over to the ship surgeons of the Brooklyn navy yard. The great stone dry-dock served as an operating-table for the surgery that was required, and more marine sharps gathered about the steep steps of the dock to watch the work in

progress than were ever seen at a human operation. After the great iron-clads had been carefully docked together, one in front of the other, the process of amputation was begun. The thousands of iron bolts which held the plates of the midship sections together were driven out, and the keel and some longitudinal ribs and interior fittings were sawn in two. Great hydraulic jackscrews were then brought to bear, and the forward halves of the divided vessels were forced ahead on the greased ways just fourteen feet.

The two great iron monsters of the sea were as completely cut in half as though the sword of Damocles had fallen upon them, but the process of skin-grafting soon covered up the great jagged rents in their sides. Steel plates fourteen feet long, and five-eighths of an inch in thickness, were riveted to the edges of those that had been forced apart, and new steel ribs were added to strengthen the framework of the hulls. For many weeks the bottom of the dry-dock and the bowels of the ripped-open ships swarmed with workmen, and the task of renovation proceeded well.

Long after the outer shell of steel had been patched up again the bright glow of the rivet forges far down in the depths of the iron-clads testified to the amount of strengthening and patching necessary on the inner framework of the disemboweled ships.

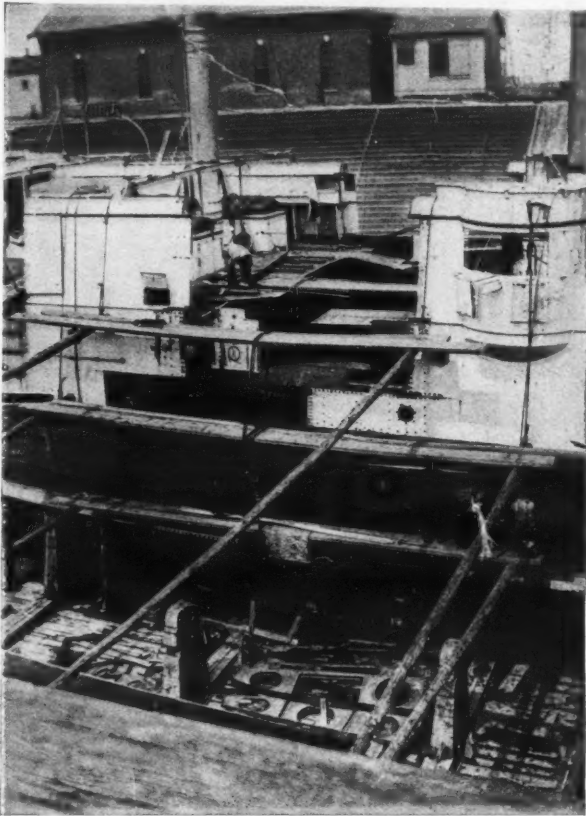
The *Machias* and *Castine*, which are sister ships, were originally 1,050 tons each, but the added fourteen feet increased their size by 150 tons. The increased size of the midship sections gave each of the gun-boats a capacity of 150 tons more coal, which is enough to take them 1,500 miles further without coaling. Tanks for fifteen tons of additional fresh water were also allowed by the changes. The chief drawback in altering the vessels is in destroying the original curves of their sides. Those additional fourteen feet came exactly amidships, where the lines were almost straight, and this section was lengthened by just this distance.

Many of the marine experts, who have made life-long studies of the waves caused by displacement and their effect upon the speed of a vessel, predicted that this would greatly decrease the speed of the gun-boats, but Naval Constructor Fernald, of the Brooklyn navy

yard, under whose supervision the alterations were conducted, thought that the difference in this respect would be only about two-tenths of a knot, which was due to additional displacement without additional power, for the same boilers, engines, and screws were retained in both vessels.

The original trial trips, and the official figures upon which the government accepted the gun-boats, allowed the *Castine* fifteen and four-tenths knots per hour, and the *Machias* fourteen and four-tenths. Both vessels have had new trial trips since their lengthening, but their speed has not yet been announced.

When the long and tedious work on the decks and interior of the ships was finished, and they were launched for a second time, the changes were found to have raised the centre of buoyancy several inches, and the operation was pro-



SECTIONAL VIEW OF "CASTINE," SHOWING METHOD OF LENGTHENING.

nounced a decided success. The new trial trips, too, were highly satisfactory, and not only was all danger from their former top-heaviness removed, but their usefulness has been considerably added to by the increased facilities for coal and water. These alterations cost Uncle Sam about fifty thousand dollars.

Now the twin gun-boats have been ordered off for practical service, and their usefulness may be thoroughly tested before they return to these waters. One has been sent to join the Asiatic squadron, and may soon be found protecting the interests of Americans in China, while the other has started for the east coast of Africa, by way of Cape of Good Hope, to protect American interests at Mozambique and in Madagascar.

J. PARMLEY PARET.

Southern Relief for Western Sufferers.

On the 15th instant a freight-train of twenty-one cars, loaded to the roofs with supplies contributed by the Southern people for the sufferers from crop-failure in Nebraska and Kansas, pulled out of Union station at Atlanta, Georgia, amid the applause of fully two thousand spectators. The contributions ranged all the way from ten cents in silver to a car-load of corn valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars. The ten cents came from Virginia; also three five-cent pieces which were inclosed in an envelope from "an old Confederate." Most of the offerings were entirely voluntary, and included a half-gallon of syrup from a Georgia "cracker" and a half-bushel of corn in a sack from a poor farmer. In the cars were barrels of flour and molasses, sacks of rice, corn in bags and bulk, sides of bacon, hams, meal, bundles of clothing, dried peas, beans, shoes, boots, hats, and underclothing. There was also a car-load of coal.

The cars were placarded with such inscriptions as "Georgia to Nebraska," "Southern Sympathy for Western Suffering," "Out of our plenty we give to those who are suffering," etc. The train was so heavy that a huge six-driver mogul locomotive was used to haul it, assisted by a pushing engine. It proceeded to Lincoln, Nebraska, its destination, over the

Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, the Illinois Central, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railways, and its contents will be distributed by Rev. L. P. Ludden, chairman of the General Relief Committee.

This is the first of several train-loads of provisions which will be sent west from the South. The Southern cereal crop in 1894 was very abundant. Mr. Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, a journal which represents Southern progress, conceived this idea of assisting the Western sufferers; the presidents of the principal railways heartily indorsed the plan, and it was generally taken up by the Southern press. Hon. W. J. Norther, of Atlanta, late Governor of Georgia, took charge of the collections of supplies, and devoted his time and energy to the matter. The railways offered free transportation, and the people from all sections of the South responded liberally. Charleston, where the first gun of the Civil War was fired, and Atlanta, which was practically destroyed by the Union troops under Sherman, were among the first cities to send contributions. This is the first time that the South has ever been called to play the part of benefactor to the North. D. A. WILLEY.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

THE twenty-seventh annual convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, now in session in Atlanta, marks another stage in the progress of this important movement. Delegates were present from a majority of the thirty-six States entitled to representation. A few years ago there were but two States in the South where organizations existed—Missouri and Kentucky; to-day there are but two (West Virginia and Mississippi) which have not organizations. While the practical gains in suffrage have been in the West, the change in sentiment has been greatest in the South. This is shown in every direction. For instance, formerly at the hearings before the Congressional Committee at Washington, which are granted the women of this organization by each Congress, the Southern Congressmen either absented themselves or paid no attention to the arguments; while at the last hearing these same men became attentive listeners or lively questioners.

The hotel Aragon, convention headquarters, is a lively place. One of the parlors is transformed into an office, with its clerks, type-writers, and desks, and here Miss Anthony and the other officers transact their business. The tender and reverent manner in which Miss Anthony is treated by her co-workers is most touching. The few surviving friends of her early years address her as "Susan," in the Quaker fashion, while the younger women almost universally speak to her as "Aunt Susan." Although the oldest of them all, she feels the strain of a convention the least; the annoyances which make the younger women look sober are unheeded by her. She never trembles at the inevitable. She is an encyclopædia for women; she knows the legal status of women in every State. She keeps in mind the post-office addresses of suffrage workers. Although she spoke last year in every county in the State of New York, she spent two months in the Kansas campaign, and, while failing to carry her point in either place, she is just as ready for another campaign as any young warrior is for war.

Among the officers who have shared the responsibility with her during the past year are Rev. Anna H. Shaw, vice-president-at-large. Miss Shaw is a regularly ordained minister in the Methodist Protestant Church, and a leader among orators. Ellen Battelle Dietrick, of Boston, corresponding secretary, is an author and magazine writer. Recording Secretary Alice Stone Blackwell, the daughter of Lucy Stone, is editor of the *Woman's Journal*. Harriet Taylor Upton, of Warren, Ohio, is the treasurer. Rachel Foster Avery, one of the auditors, is known for her life work for women, and especially as secretary of the Congress of Representative Women at the World's Fair. Josephine K. Henry, of Kentucky, the second auditor, was one of the early suffragists of the South. She was nominated for an important office a few years ago, and made a fine run.

The success of the convention is due largely to Miss Howard, Mrs. Maxwell, and Mrs. Du Bose, three sisters living at Columbus. Although still in their twenties they were among the first of the Southern women to take active part in the suffrage movement. They invited the association to Atlanta and took charge of the local arrangements. They were sustained in all their action by Laura Clay (daughter of Hon. Cassius M. Clay), who is chairman of the Southern committee.

Whether it is wise to grant suffrage to women is still a disputed question, but that women, or men either for that matter, from the North and South can hold common council and labor for

the making of uniform laws is a matter for general congratulation.

United States Senators-Elect.

THE next United States Senate will contain an exceptionally large number of new men, some of whom have had no experience in legislative life, but have been more or less prominent in political affairs. Elsewhere we give portraits of some of the more notable of these Senators-elect. Governor Tillman, who comes from South Carolina as successor to M. C. Butler, will of course be a conspicuous figure in the new body. Whether he will exert there the large influence he has enjoyed in his State is yet to be determined, but he will undoubtedly be a positive force, and may be counted upon, we fancy, to "keep things moving," especially in the Populist group.

Mr. Marion Butler, the Populist Senator from North Carolina, is a gentleman of marked ability and of liberal tendencies, who has shown great aptitude for politics, and his friends anticipate for him an honorable and useful career. He was the chief factor in effecting the fusion which, in the last campaign, rescued the old North State from the Democratic Bourbons. Mr. Butler is now in his thirty-second year. He early "manifested a lively interest in local politics, but he was soon convinced that the party was managed by machine methods, and that young blood was not wanted. The party managers had established a system which enabled them to control nominations and elections in every county. This young Democrat determined to smash the machine in his own county. He bought a weekly newspaper and made it the champion of the farmers and the plain people of the district. He challenged the authority of the politicians to dictate nominations, and rallied about him a body of enthusiastic young Democrats. In 1891 he was elected to the State Senate by a majority of five hundred, after an energetic canvass, in which the methods of organization adopted in the recent election were anticipated. In 1892 he became the president of the State Farmer's Alliance, abandoned the Democratic party, and from that time onward has grown steadily in influence and prominence."

Mr. John M. Thurston, who succeeds Senator Manderson from Nebraska, has a national reputation as a leader in Republican politics and a man of large attainments. As an orator and a lawyer he holds high rank, and he will unquestionably impress himself largely upon the legislation of his time. He was the party candidate for Senator from Nebraska in 1893, but was defeated by a combination of Populists and Democrats.

The people of Michigan are to be congratulated upon the election of Hon. Julius C. Burrows as United States Senator. Mr. Burrows represents the best Republican thought of the time, and has achieved during his long service in the House a high reputation as a wise and valuable legislator. We may be sure that this reputation will be fully maintained in the position to which he has now been elevated.

General William J. Sewell, who will succeed John R. McPherson as Senator from New Jersey, has already served one term—from 1881 to 1887—in that capacity, and is widely known in Republican circles as a man of high ability and great force of character. During his service in the Senate he was the associate of the foremost men in public life, and his counsel, especially as to economic questions, was always highly regarded. He is a strong protectionist, a staunch supporter of our existing currency system, and in fullest sympathy with the demand for a vigorous policy both in the development of domestic interests and the maintenance of our rights abroad.

The election of Mr. Stephen B. Elkins as Senator from West Virginia restores to public life a gentleman whose services in the past have been at once useful and honorable. Mr. Elkins's familiarity with affairs, and especially his knowledge of financial questions, will be of great value to his party in its formulation of a safe and stable national policy. His large identification with the industries of his State makes it certain that he will be in all respects a real representative of its interests. Personally Mr. Elkins is affable, courteous, and considerate to an unusual degree. He has his home on the line of the West Virginia Central Railroad, in a town which he founded and which bears his name.

Donovan, the one Democrat in the Michigan Legislature, made a speech in favor of Senator McMillan, the nominee of the Republican caucus for re-election, and then stood to make the election unanimous. It is said that there is no other case of the kind on record. Donovan was warmly applauded by his associates, and later on was presented with a bouquet by the House, which also passed a resolution of thanks by a unanimous vote.



MRS. CLAUDIA H. HOWARD-MAXWELL.



MRS. MIRIAM HOWARD DU ROSE.



MISS H. AUGUSTA HOWARD.



MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, HONORARY PRESIDENT.



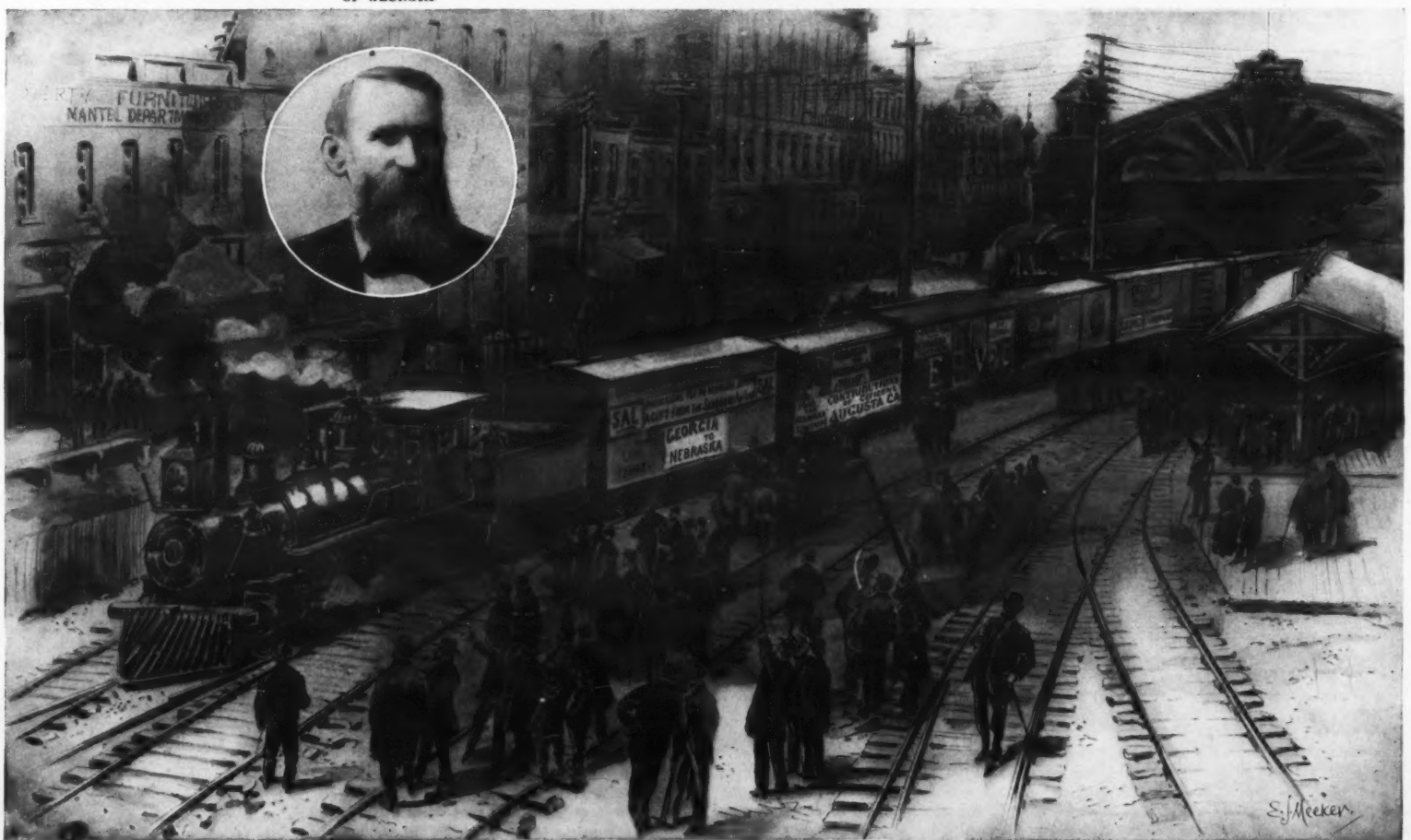
MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, PRESIDENT.



HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON, TREASURER.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 71]

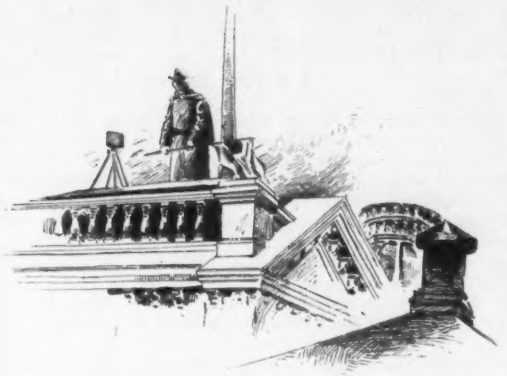
W. J. NORTEN, EX-GOVERNOR
OF GEORGIA.



THE SOUTHERN RELIEF FOR WESTERN SUFFERERS—A TRAIN LOADED WITH SUPPLIES LEAVING THE UNION STATION AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 71]



GREEN MOTORMEN RUNNING TROLLEY CARS UNDER POLICE GUARD ON WASHINGTON STREET.



SIGNALING FROM THE HALL OF RECORDS.



SENTRY OF TROOP A.



A DETAIL OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT ON GUARD AT THE HALSETT STREET STABLES.



REPAIRING TROLLEY-WIRE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE STRIKE ON THE TROLLEY-CAR SYSTEM IN BROOKLYN.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY M. DE LIPPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

THE AMATEUR ATHLETE

The International Yacht Race.

THE challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron for an international yacht race for the America's Cup the coming autumn having been duly accepted on the 7th ultimo by the Cup committee acting for the New York Yacht Club, it was a matter of just ten days for W. K. Vanderbilt, E. D. Morgan, and C. Oliver Iselin, foremost members of the club, to agree among themselves to defray the entire cost of building and the subsequent running of a new cup-defender. This news was hailed with delight by yachtsmen generally, for the personnel of the syndicate was a guarantee of quite as much gray matter as money—which fact is saying a great deal when it is considered that the annual income of any one of the trio would be sufficient to build, equip, and run a half-dozen defenders on the generous allowance of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for each one for an entire yachting season. Together with the announcement of the formation of the syndicate came the additional information that Mr. Iselin would "be in charge," and, as one who is versed the least bit in such matters knows, he is, *par excellence*, the right man in the right place.

As a boy not yet in his teens, Mr. Iselin became wedded to the tiller of a cat-boat, and since that time—season after season for more than thirty years—he has gradually worked his way up the rungs of the sloop-class ladder, having owned at one time the crack seventy-footer *Titanica*, with which he swept all before him. Finally he became the master spirit to direct the fortunes of *Vigilant* in her successful races with Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie II*, in these waters in 1893. In these latter races Nat Herreshoff was aboard to assist Mr. Iselin, and as a team they pulled together perfectly. Though the *Colonia*, the first of Herreshoff's creations, at the time was in the field, he preferred to cast his lot entirely with Mr. Iselin and the *Vigilant*; and this fact is well worth noting, for it would seem to be a guarantee that like conditions will hold true with regard to the new boat.

At time of going to press the very important question of type—whether centreboard or keel—had not been settled. It was generally believed, however, that as the important matter of selection rested with Mr. Iselin and Designer Herreshoff, the keel boat would win the day. And it is not hard to understand this preference when the brilliant achievements of *Wasp* and *Gloriana* in these waters, and notably *Britannia* abroad last year in her races against *Vigilant*, are taken into account.

While the keel boat is the embodiment of all that is true and substantial in yacht architecture and yacht racing, the centreboard boat is not. The latter is nothing if not artificial, in a way, and there are thousands who for this reason want to see a keel-boat battle for the cup.

Considering that the centreboard boat has ever been the recent type of the American international contestant, a selection of the keel type carries with it great significance. It means, in fact, an epoch in the history of yachting which will give prominence for the first time to a party which might aptly be termed an anti-centreboard party. Such a party has been in existence now for several years, and the spirit of these would-be wreckers of a distinctly American institution was shown in no uncertain way when the syndicate headed by the well-known and practical yachtsman, Archibald Rogers, ordered, prior to the *Vigilant-Valkyrie* races in 1893, the keel-boat *Colonia*. Since that time this revolution of feeling has increased in geometrical rather than arithmetical proportions, until to-day it is doubtful if the advocates of the centreboard boat have a bare majority.

Given, then, the presence of *Vigilant*, and assuming that the Iselin syndicate will bring out a keel boat, it seems fair to predict that the coming trial races to decide the best qualified boat to meet *Valkyrie III* for the America's Cup will go far toward clearing up, if not actually solving, the much-disputed question of the relative merits of the centreboard and keel types of racing yachts. And should, perchance, the resolution of this question mean the overthrow of all past traditions of the invincible power of the centreboard, it will not come as a shock to nearly so many people as one would suppose who had failed to go beyond the fact that the centreboard has been the all-powerful and deciding factor in past international yacht races.

The argument cannot hold now, as it once did, that because the centreboard has been heretofore the successful defender, a boat of that type is now necessary to render another or ninth consecutive American victory certain. Keel boats have been far too successful for that. Nor do those who favor the keel type of boat as the ideal racer think that a centreboard boat

cannot win this year against undoubtedly the best all-around boat which our English cousins ever shall have sent across the pond to secure "the blue ribbon of the sea." Not by any means. Simply presuming that Nat Herreshoff's trip abroad last year to participate in some of *Vigilant's* races against *Britannia* was productive of valuable points having to do with the keel type of boat, they believe that he can, if he wishes, produce a keel boat which would beat an improved *Vigilant* handily, and such a boat they want produced to compete with *Valkyrie III*, inasmuch as the boat that could beat an improved *Vigilant* would be a world-beater, pure and simple.

As we are all aware, English designers of racing yachts have never yet been able to demonstrate in an international race the superiority of the keel boat, and American yachtsmen continue to believe that they never can, from the fact that our premier designer, Herreshoff, is to their minds far enough in advance in the science to keep always a point ahead; thus improving the centreboard type yearly to successfully meet the up-to-date and typically English type, the keel boat. That it is possible, however, to beat the centreboard boat with the keel boat, all anti-centreboardists of course agree, but there enters into this belief the consideration that it will take a Yankee designer to do the trick.

Not a few of that class of yachtsmen known as "sharps" advanced the opinion at the conclusion of the trial races of 1893 that *Colonia* would have defeated *Vigilant* signally and thus won the coveted honor to meet *Valkyrie II*, had the mistake not been made of giving her too little depth to insure proper holding-on qualities in windward work. Their contention was that two more feet, making her depth sixteen feet six inches, would have placed her on an equal footing with *Vigilant* so far as windward work was concerned, and this being so, the fact that she could show *Vigilant* her heels in running and reaching would bring her out ahead.

It is a real shame, then, that, in view of *Vigilant's* prospective presence in the trial races, *Colonia* will not be deepened and placed in commission. A duel between these two boats under the altered conditions would add much zest to the races. On excellent authority I have it that the Rogers syndicate, who own the *Colonia*, have never had the least idea of fitting her out either with more depth of keel or a board, and not the least of reasons for their determination in this regard is the fact that *Colonia* is not big enough to warrant changes. As experts would put the case, "It is much better to give than to take time allowance." Now *Colonia* measures, load-water-line, but 85 ft. 48 in., which would mean an allowance of several minutes from an eighty-nine-footer, but those several minutes would be of little moment against the vastly-increased power and advantages which the latter or larger boat would possess.

It has been said by General Paine that *Jubilee* will not race this year, and the majority of yachtsmen, including a member of the Cup committee, take the general at his word—even though he has the reputation of frequent changes of mind when international yacht races are under discussion. Here again a sense of disappointment must rule with many who believe that *Jubilee* did not show anywhere near true form in the 1893 trial races, owing to defective gear.

It seems to be generally believed that there will be but one new boat built in defense of the cup, and though Royal Phelps Carroll's *Narwhale* may sail the trials, she is evidently enough inferior to *Vigilant* to resolve the trial races into a dual contest—*Vigilant* vs. the new Iselin boat. But what a contest! The blood already begins to warm to the fray. As for the cup races later on, it is generally agreed that they will be close—awfully close,—but, as an expert in such matters remarked recently, "Nat" always has something up his sleeve, and you can rest assured that the boat he turns out this year will be just enough better than *Valkyrie III*, or any other challenger, to keep the cup on this side of the water.

George Gould's promise to the Cup committee to have *Vigilant* over for the trial races is to be commended as highly sportsmanlike. *Vigilant's* presence will be of inestimable value in judging the merits of the new boat.

W. T. Bull.

Our Foreign Pictures.

THE DEGRADATION OF DREYFUS.

WE give an illustration of the act of degradation imposed upon Captain Alfred Dreyfus, the young French staff officer who was found guilty by his peers of treasonably communicating to a foreign Power private documents belonging to the War Office. The degradation

took place in the principal court-yard of the Military School, in the presence of 4,000 soldiers and a large body of spectators who crowded against the railings surrounding the grounds. The ceremony consisted of stripping the officer of his uniform by a guardsman, after which he was marched around the square in full view of the young recruits who had been gathered for the occasion, and then handed over to the civil authorities. Dreyfus carried himself well, stoutly protesting his innocence throughout the whole humiliating affair. He is to be exiled to a penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana.

THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

An incident of the fall of Port Arthur—the flight of the Chinese—is illustrated on our foreign page. After capturing one of the important defensive positions of the Chinese, the Japanese moved down the hillside, across the shallow inlet, and up against the earth-works on the opposite side. Behind these works were afterward found thousands of empty cartridge-cases, showing what a heavy fire the assailants must have been exposed to while crossing the creek. In spite of this fire they carried the works and drove the Chinese up the hillside. This hill was strewn with thick coats, pouches containing cartridges, and all kinds of things the Chinese threw away in their flight. We also give a picture showing Japanese coolies at work removing the bodies of Chinese who were killed after the capture of Port Arthur. The extent to which this killing was carried has been the subject of a good deal of controversy between our own correspondent and correspondents of two other newspapers.

"The Sentinels."

THE lilacs were bending and nodding before
A deserted old home with a swinging door,
As if patiently waiting, with welcome sweet,
The long-delayed coming of tardy feet.

Of feet grown weary so long ago
It almost seemed that the flowers must know
Of the quiet face, with the lips close-sealed,
And the broken heart that the dear Lord healed.

Healed, as One only can who knows
That a life so lonely the sadder grows;
That a heart once riven, a soul's unrest
Is only stilled on Earth's quiet breast.

A low, green mound, mid the grasses wild
That tenderly whisper, "Sleep well, my child";
Soft folded hands, 'neath the grassy sod,
As, peacefully sleeping, she rests with God.

So faithfully watching, these sentinels true
Guard the lonely house the whole year through;
Tho' they blossom and fade, as lilacs must,
They await her coming with perfect trust.

F. C. M.

FOUR PLAYERS

"Madame Sans-Gêne."

AFTER twice seeing Madame Réjane in this play in London it took me some time to become acclimatized in the extraordinary translation of the same work used by Kathryn Kidder. The sudden change from the patois of the St. Antoine quarter to the slang of New York was rather startling. Miss Kidder appeared to be Uncle Sam's own daughter. She is as startling an anachronism in the court of the First Napoleon as she would be in the hall of Pilate. And yet not one in the theatre failed to like it. We gradually forgot the unintentional burlesque of the situation. Fact is, we all gradually fell to liking Miss Kidder.

There is one great obvious difference between Madame Réjane and Kathryn Kidder. Madame is Parisian to the core. True, her *Sans-Gêne* is a devoted wife, but there is a something about the presentment which, as with so many Parisian women, tells how easily she might have been otherwise. Kathryn Kidder's face, as seen by me at long range, seemed to leave no doubt as to her reliability. We cannot believe she speaks of any wrong when she tells Napoleon how in the old laundry days she had gone to his room with his "wash," intending to have a flirtation. She is only repeating the audacious words of a Parisian woman which really have no place or possibility in her face. The outward publication of the inward conditions means all this—or nothing.

Her *Sans-Gêne* is neither Sardou, nor Paris, nor Madame Réjane. It is utterly un-French. However, there is much in the play to make it a favorite in this country. When *Sans-Gêne* objects to the etiquettes of the court she is echoing sentiments which here are first absorbed with mother's milk. When, in following her husband's fortunes through the social topsyturvy that succeeded the Revolution, she finds herself a duchess, she still claims to be, heart and soul, one of "the people." This, however unusual or unknown in real life, wins sympathy, and Kathryn Kidder scores a great success, not by any attempt to produce a French

Sans-Gêne, but by a species of perhaps unintentional burlesque which makes the part she plays wholly local. This statement must not seem to detract from the undeniable merits of her acting. She is intensely alive—with a fine, full, "first-quality" set of nerves—and, to my mind, she is very lovely in more ways than one. For those who have acquired a complete distrust of the Parisian feminine physiognomies it is a pleasure to regard one that has some anchorage in it—some principles fixed hard and fast; some internal refinement that shines through any pretended or real veneer and makes itself felt as of supreme value in human life. This is one idea of the American girl, who holds within her the future moralities of complete freedom, and who is now our best promise for the yet unborn generations of the future. I cannot remember any one, either on or off the stage, who has seemed, as a whole, so thoroughly typical of the American girl. I give it as the opinion of a shrewd American woman (but not as my own) that Kathryn Kidder is the most natural actress on the stage. The fact is that both these women are, in many ways, as like as two peas, so one thinks the other peculiarly natural.

The story of the play itself, told so often, I pass by to tell of what we got—not of that which was absent; and there was no Madame *Sans-Gêne* in it, but, rather, a long slip who as I last saw her was standing knee-deep in tribute flowers, and who perhaps made us love her all the more because she was not somebody else.

STINSON JARVIS.

A Society "Bud."

ONE of the most attractive society "buds" of the present New York season is Miss Olive Alice Grace, whose portrait is given herewith. Miss



MISS OLIVE ALICE GRACE.

Grace, who is only eighteen years of age, was born in San Francisco, but was educated in this city. In her earlier years she resided in Chili with her father, John W. Grace. She speaks French and Spanish with great fluency, and is in every way winsome and intelligent, possessing those graces of manner and those qualities of mind which always make their way in the best society.

The Evolution of the Teacup.

THE afternoon tea-table has been dubbed the "altar of society," and time is said to be the daily sacrifice. Treasures in silver and porcelain are collected and laid upon this altar, and many hours are spent in determining the names and marks of cups which, whether inherited or found in modern shops, are of priceless worth to their owners.

The loving-cup of olden time was surely never more lovingly offered to guests than is the teacup of to-day.

All through the years cups have signified sociability, whether the wreathed cups offered by the Greeks one to the other, the loving-cups, or "tygs," handed by our English ancestors to guests, or our own treasured teacups.

The loving-cup, or "wassail bowl"—"waes-hael" being Anglo-Saxon for "be in health"—was used in England at the festivities on New Year's Eve and on various festival occasions, both in noble houses and in taverns, by the wealthy and the humble cottager as well.

After filling the tyg with foaming ale it was the custom for the master of the house to drink first from it and then give it to him who sat next, and so on around the circle.

The cupboards of many of the private householders in those early days held cups made of elm, of box, of maple, horns of beasts, cocker-nuts, gourds, eggs of ostriches, and shells of fishes; cups called piggins, cruizes, tankards, beakers, and "gray-beards."

It is interesting to trace the evolution of the

teacup from the Greek kylix through the various changes in form, to the cup with separate saucer (or stand) that we now use.

In the porcelain museum in Dresden are teacups made with stem and stand, suggestive of the Greek kylix, and the Turkish cups that rest in metal stands are surely classic in design.

Allusion to the use of horns for drinking-vessels is made in the mythological history of all nations. The earliest potters formed drinking-mugs and cups in simple designs, but often reasons have been discovered for shapes and patterns used. There is a large clay drinking-cup in the British Museum (found in Vulci) in the shape of a human leg. The story goes that in 1625 Marshal de Bassompierre, in parting from his friends to return to Switzerland, proposed to drink to the health of each one. Finding his horn not large enough he filled his military boot and drank wine from it. At once the idea was taken up by potters, and many drinking-vessels were made in the shape of a boot or leg. Specimens are still said to exist in Italy.

It seems to be quite unknown when it became the custom to use cups for hot drinks, or whether any hot drinks that would "cheer but not inebriate" preceded the use of tea and coffee in Europe.

True it is that teapots and teacups such as we now use were first made in England in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and from that time to this there has been little change in their form and general design.

Hours might be profitably spent in examining ancient and modern teacups, studying styles and marks, and making one's self familiar with under- and over-glaze decoration, factory figures, etc.

Cups, as souvenirs and congratulatory gifts, have been used for many years, and searchers after novelties maintain that the more handles a cup has the greater the luck that attends the gift.

ROSE CROSBY.

The Brooklyn Strike.

THE recent strike of five thousand men employed on the trolley railway system of Brooklyn was the first general electrical strike which has occurred in this country, and in magnitude has not been exceeded by any street-car strike in any of our larger cities. The strike had its origin in a disagreement between the four great surface companies and their men as to wages, hours of work, and the employment of "trippers." A year ago the men employed on the Brooklyn city system demanded an increase of wages from two dollars a day to two dollars and twenty-five cents. The trolley having been substituted for horse propulsion, the men insisted that the company should take off the extra trips and put men on full day's work. Prior to the introduction of the electric system a day's work, for a straight run or full-day car was seven trips on all the roads except one, and on it a day's work consisted of five trips. Under the trolley system the number was increased from seven to nine trips, and from five to seven. But this was not the only cause of complaint. The men claimed that the introduction of electricity as a motive power had greatly increased their responsibility; that accidents, and particularly fatal ones, had become much more frequent, and that they, and not the officials, had to suffer imprisonment when these unavoidable mishaps occurred. For all this the men demanded an increase of pay. Still another grievance was the arrangement as to "trippers," which often resulted in keeping them in waiting for seventeen or eighteen hours a day in order to make fifty or seventy-five cents.

At the beginning of the trouble public sympathy was undoubtedly with the strikers. The Brooklyn trolley corporations have from the first displayed an arrogant attitude toward the public which has provoked widespread resentment. These companies have privileges of enormous value for which they have paid little or nothing at all; their stock, with all its watering, is immensely valuable, but with all their wealth and advantages, no adequate return has been made to the public. Hardly a day has passed that one or more persons have not been killed by their cars, run in reckless disregard of all the conditions of safety, and the service generally has been most unsatisfactory. Their treatment of their men, too, has been most arbitrary and contemptuous of all justice. All these considerations conspired to create a popular sympathy for the operatives which, had they kept within the law, would have manifested itself in substantial form.

But when, giving way to passion, some of the strikers resorted to violence, they not only jeopardized the cause for which they stood, but made it necessary that every order-loving citizen should array himself against them. The police being unable to hold in check the lawless element, the calling out of the militia naturally followed, and, while the spectacle of the State "protecting" corporations which shamelessly

and persistently violate their obligations to the public was by no means an agreeable one, the authorities only did their duty in maintaining public order and security by a resort to the military. From the moment, of course, when the soldiery appeared on the scene, the failure of the strike, as to its main insistent, became inevitable. But it ought not to be without wholesome effect in accentuating the popular protest against the general management of the Brooklyn corporations, and in leading to concerted public action for the prevention of further outrages on the rights of community.

Our Superlative Department.

IV.—THE DEEPEST.

THE deepest mining-shaft in the world is Shaft No. III. in the Tamarack mine in Michigan. It is nearly forty-five hundred feet down, and pierced the copper lode August 4th, 1894, at 4,185 feet. It takes five minutes to make the trip in an iron cage which falls as fast as the swiftest elevator known.

Citizens of Wheeling, West Virginia, started to bore for oil or gas, "if they had to go to China," and reached a depth of forty-one hundred feet without tapping either. At that depth it cost three dollars a foot to drill. The government geological survey took a great interest in the Wheeling bore, but no great results have been shown.

The deepest well in the United States has been said to be one drilled by George Westinghouse, Jr., in Pittsburg, for gas, to a point 4,630 below the surface, where the drilling-cable broke of its own weight.

The deepest dive on record is that of Captain John Christianson, of Seattle, who plunged into the waters of Elliott Bay, and after twenty minutes reappeared in no great distress. He brought with him a lead-line and bucket from the tug *Majestic*, which lay, at half-flood tide, one hundred and ninety-six feet below the surface of the ocean.

The lowest price on record for prints was reached early in January, 1895, at Fall River, Massachusetts, when they struck two and nine-sixteenths cents.

The deepest ocean is the Pacific. Its greatest known depth is thirty-four thousand two hundred feet, a good deal deeper than the highest mountain in the world is high. It was ascertained by Lieutenant Walsh, the line breaking at the reel. Captain Ross found bottom at twenty-seven thousand feet.

The deepest lake in America is said to be the Great Sunken Lake in the Cascade Mountains, seventy-five miles northeast of Jacksonville, Oregon. It is said to average two thousand feet down to the surface from the tops of the surrounding cliffs; the depth of its placid waters has never been found, thousands of feet of line having been paid out in vain.

The American divers are the hardest in the world. Every year or two a new attempt is made to reach the supposed golden treasure of the *Hussar* at the bottom of Long Island Sound, off New York City. Captain F. Ryan, a government diver of Seattle, agreed to dive 265 feet in the harbor of Yokohama to raise two million dollars of gold bullion.

At a depth of one thousand feet, off the coast of Maine, two strange fish have been taken in a trawl-net. One was the lamprey, a large sunfish of sky blue, scarlet, and snow white; the other the scolar of the Canary Islands.

The most important deep-sea dredging ever done under American auspices was by the United States Fish Commission's steamer *Albatross*, under Mr. Alexander Agassiz. The animal life of the Pacific was found to compare poorly with that of the Atlantic.

The deepest ice ever found lies at a depth of one hundred and sixteen metres under a great forest between the Ural Mountains and the Sea of Ochotsk. A well was driven and the ground was found to be frozen stiff at that depth.

The deepest perpendicular mining shaft in the world is said to be the Combination, in the Yellow Jacket mine, on the great Comstock silver lode.

From Correspondents.

ABOUT "THE BIGGEST THINGS."

"France has the biggest national debt in the world; it is 30,611,000,000 francs."—E. A. D., New York. "The thickest armor-plate ever made weighed 840 tons, and was seventeen

inches through. The Bethlehem Iron Works did it for the *Indiana*."—Hartmann Breuil, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. "The biggest bond ever filed by a State treasurer is that of L. V. Stephens, of Missouri. It is for \$1,890,000."—Speed Stephens, Boonville, Missouri.

"The biggest real-estate deal ever made in New York was for \$7,000,000 worth of ground in Sixth Avenue, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets, New York, just concluded for a Chicago syndicate."—James Le Boutillier, Jr., Chicago. "The biggest, finest Bible has just been presented to the Empress of China by the American Bible Society. It is royal quarto size, printed in moveable metallic type, ornamented with gold, and bound in solid silver."—John R. Hykes, Canton. "I saw an anacanda thirty-four feet long near Mahaica, in Guiana."—Arthur Stradling, London.

"The biggest coal-breaker in the world is the Maxwell, recently completed at Ashley, Pennsylvania. It contains 3,000,000 feet of lumber, cost \$150,000, and employs 275 boys."—H. Breuil, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. "The biggest stone bridge in the world is over an arm of the China Sea, five miles long, with three hundred arches, each seventy feet high."—S. Aken, Charleston. "The biggest fraud in the world is a woman who accepts the gift of a man's love and then gives him—away."—G. Lawman, Philadelphia. "The biggest woman ever seen in a New York court was Mrs. Mathews, of 447 West Sixth Street, who recently went bail for her son. She is six feet nine inches."—J. P. B. "Jasper County, Missouri, is the greatest county in the United States in the amount of wheat grown and ground in its borders."—D. R. Goucher, Carthage, Missouri.

Florida's Attractions Undiminished.

THE impression, created by the reports of the recent unusually cold weather, that Jack Frost holds the South in his grip, and that the Florida climate has been driven off the end of the Peninsula, is not justified by the facts. A recent note from Ormond, that most delightful of Florida resorts, gives very conclusive evidence of the restoration of normal meteorological conditions. "The truth is," says the writer, "we had two cold days, days that in New York would have been called glorious October days—clear, bright and crisp; days when it was a perfect joy to walk or ride. At night—both nights—we had severe frosts. The following day, the mercury was at sixty-one, and two days later at seventy-two, and if you had been here you would probably have been with the party of twenty-five that lunched that day at the tables under the oaks at the Tomoka Cabin. One large party reached there by open launch, and another party came through the hammocks by the tally-ho. We want our friends to know that the Florida climate is still here. The hammock forests are as green and beautiful as ever. The sailing on the river, the driving on the beach, are as delightful as can be. In the Ormond the guests have been having very merry times. Last night a library party occupied the parlor; the night before, a sheet and pillow-case party made fun in the Casino. To-night there was a bonfire on the beach, with dancing. The white surf, the broad beach, the figures in bright dresses, and the white sand-dunes behind the beach made a great picture in the firelight."

Ormond-on-the-Halifax, whence this message comes, possesses attractions which belong to no other point in Florida. Its sea-beach is unequalled; there are magnificent drives and walks reaching out in all directions; orange-groves, with plantations abounding in semi-tropical fruits, are within easy reach, and the climate is as nearly perfect as any climatic conditions in the world. Hotel Ormond, on the east shore of the Halifax, and only half a mile from the ocean, is in every way worthy of the scenic attractions in which it is set, and no one who has enjoyed its delightful hospitality will ever seek elsewhere in Florida a place of sojourn, either for rest or purposes of pleasure.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

Whist Practice.

PROBLEM No. 3 has been greatly admired by our whistlers, and although correctly mastered by many experts, was given up as unsolvable by probably ten times as many amateurs. In some instances other lines of play have been given which will not win, and which can only be referred back to the senders for reconsideration. The following was the winning line of play: A leads ace of trumps, B seven of hearts, C discards ace of hearts. A then leads heart six, B diamonds, C discards diamond ace, after which A takes two tricks in diamonds and throws the last trick in spades to C. Correct answers were received from H. S. Haskell, H. Maita, I. C. Sebolt, J. R. Dickinson, F. C. Buel,

B. Manchester, C. D. Garrett, C. Amtruster, W. B. Morningstern, C. E. Wolfe, F. Buckley, J. S. Royston, W. E. Flemming, L. D. H. Gilmour, N. Schlusel, W. T. Montgomery, L. Wakely, D. N. Bell, D. M. Martin, T. A. Laurie, W. A. Moore, A. Bockins, C. W. Wales, E. B. Andrews, C. W. McAlpin, E. C. Biglow, Mrs. H. A. Crowell, Harry Cook, Mrs. F. G. Brown, L. B. Wells, C. A. Beswick, A. F. Ballou, J. A. Turnbull, F. M. Williams, J. A. Tanner, H. McCullough, W. H. Haskell, C. L. Eberle, W. O. Wellington, Mrs. J. S. Kaufmann, J. H. Loomis, George H. Abrams, W. H. Porter, M. L. Gunnison, W. Falconer, Mrs. D. Clinch, E. W. Hoyt, W. Hallowell, O. Pape, A. Bockins, M. F. Rogers, J. M. Peel, S. H. Callender, W. Duncan, E. H. Taylor, W. M. Johnson, F. Buckley, J. B. Peterson, Mary B. Hazard, Eva Sweitzer, H. C. Bennett, N. P. Tyler, T. Cox, A. E. McLean, M. T. Quick, W. M. Pingree, J. G. Brown, C. M. Bright, W. P. Edwards, J. W. Drake, C. A. Dixon, C. H. Beckham, A. C. Fessenden, S. B. Royston, A. F. Crosby, H. Negus, G. W. Stewart, F. G. Irwin, E. T. Benedict, W. H. Rowles, J. E. Miller, T. Carr, S. Campbell, Mrs. H. T. Meunier, O. C. Hutchinson, Mrs. A. M. Hawley, A. Senn, Elizabeth Hulme, "A. J. S." W. D. Dinkard, Mrs. C. W. List, L. Oderbrecht, H. A. Hadden, G. W. McGaffier, W. P. Parsons, and Margaret Deland, many of whom are among the best-known whistlers in the country, and whose especial attention we call to the following Problem No. 7:



Clubs trumps. A leads and, with his partner C, takes four out of the five tricks. The above remarkable ending of a game illustrates the truth of the saying that "nothing succeeds like success." In the first rounds of the game D had led spades to show his long suit, and C had given intimation of being long in hearts. In accordance with such information as had been conveyed, A returned hearts, very properly getting rid of his jack so as to avoid interference with his partner's suit. B, knowing that C was preparing to bring in hearts, deemed it best to hold the queen, played the nine and C the five. A then led the ace of clubs, which cleared the trumps, and then threw the lead to C with spade. C then commenced with the ace of hearts and brought in his long suit in great shape.

Of course B would have defeated the scheme if he had played the queen of hearts to A's jack, and it is easy to be seen that if he was not wedded to the book-rule of second-hand low he would have done so. The previous fall of the cards must have clearly shown that C held the ace, and B should have seen that when C took his queen with the ace it made his nine good, as ten had been played. The chief merit of the hand, however, turns upon the question as to the line of play by which A and C could take four out of five tricks against any possible line of play.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

says the great Shakespeare, but he did not have in mind a coated tongue or torpid liver, with all the symptoms of biliousness, so common in this country. All this, and more, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a purely vegetable compound, which restores the action of the liver, gives tone to the flagging energies of the dyspeptic's stomach, and thus enables "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." By druggists.

Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them, *



AUGUSTUS COOK AS "NAPOLEON," THE MAN OF DESTINY.
Copyrighted photograph by Prince, 31 Union Square, New York.

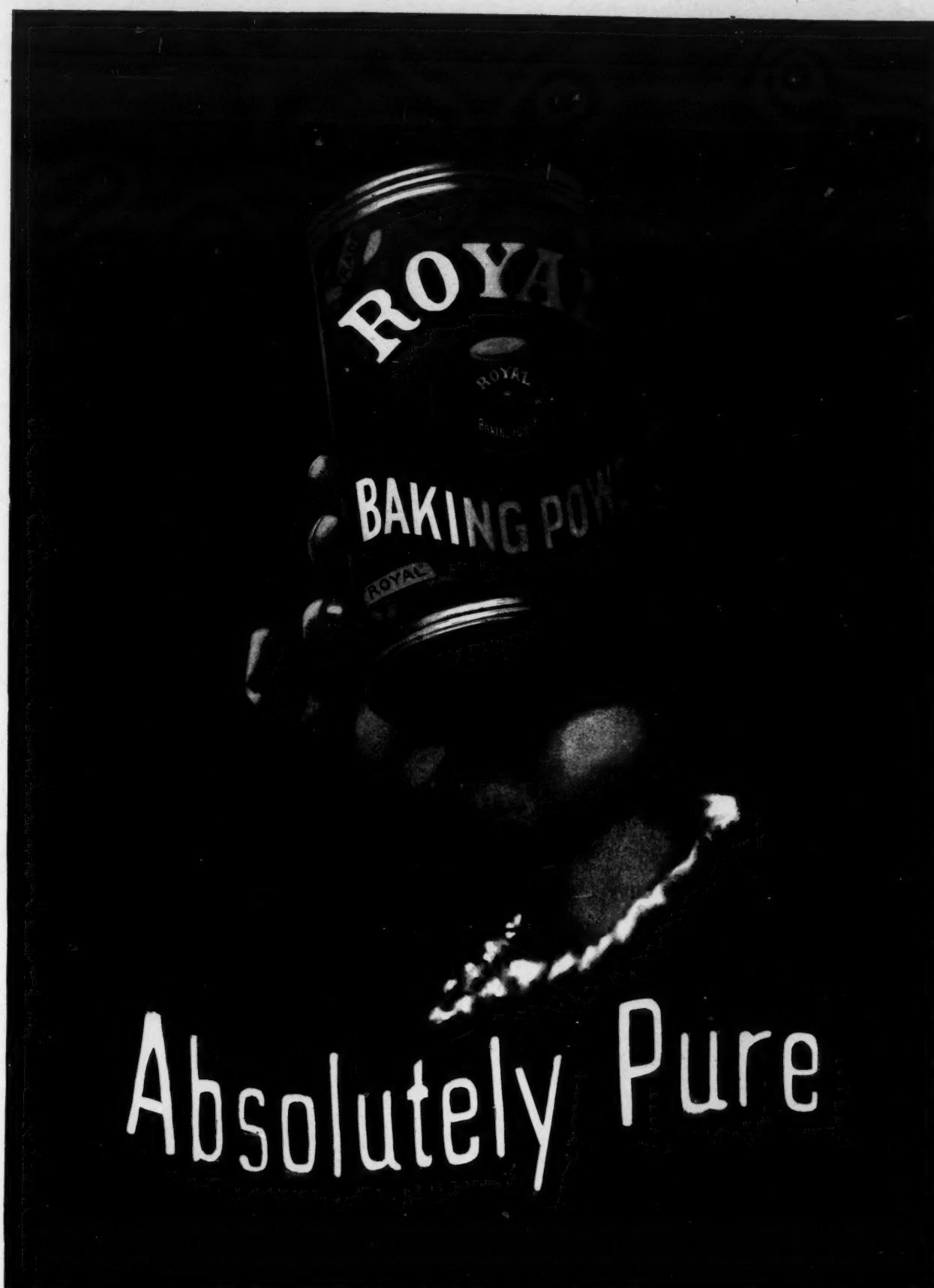


"I HATE TRYIN' ON THESE NEW DUDES."



"SIRE! YOU MAY HAVE ANOTHER DAY'S CREDIT ON YOUR 'WASH' BILL."

"MADAME SANS-GÈNE" (ENGLISH VERSION), AS PLAYED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 74.]



MUCH has been said and written on bread baking—how to make it good, sweet, wholesome, and delicious. The experience of all persons in following directions as to how to have the best success reveals the fact that it is the most difficult and uncertain thing in practice, but, whatever may have been the method employed, is it true that everybody knows just why he likes the taste of any particular kind of bread? Certain it is that breads vary in their flavor as much as in their lightness. A close observation, however, will show those who have had their palates tickled to satisfaction in the eating of this staple article of diet that there is some particular element or quality produced, so that that which they like the best possesses that indescribable, superlative quality of taste which may be termed its "flavor." And the question may therefore be asked, what is it that produces the best flavor in bread? Of course no one puts into dough any specific essence which gives the desired taste. The flour itself cannot be said to give the taste to the bread, provided it is sound flour, and therefore we must look for it elsewhere. It is to be found in the leavening agent: be it yeast or

baking powder, it is this that has most to do with the problem of how to make the sweetest and most toothsome bread, cake, muffins, etc.

When yeast is used the bread often has a sour taste, a flavor coming from decomposition, especially if the yeast be too rank or has been allowed to work too much in the dough, causing destruction of the gluten and nutritious qualities of the flour. Yeast is itself a ferment that transforms and rots the flour in order to produce the carbonic-acid gas which makes the dough porous, so that if the yeast has not been properly treated, or the mass of dough has been too much transformed by the yeast, it results in imperfect taste and quality in the bread.

In respect to baking powders, they are of many kinds and give various results according to the materials of which the baking powder is composed and according to the perfection of its manufacture. For instance, when a baking powder is used which contains alum the bread or biscuit will frequently have a bitter taste. If a pure cream-of-tartar baking powder is used the result will be better; and if the elements of a cream-of-tartar powder are used so

that each ingredient has its counterpart in exact equivalents, then we may expect not only the most wholesome but the sweetest and most delicious bread.

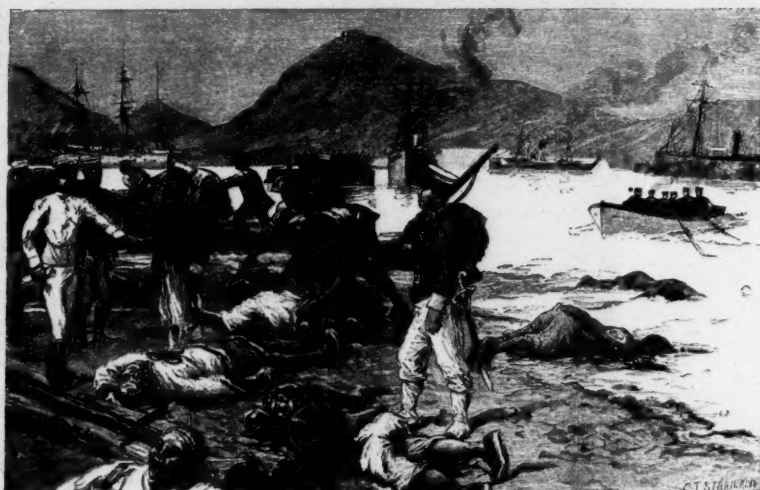
There is no baking powder which produces such sweet and tasteful food as the Royal Baking Powder. One of the greatest of the claims of the manufacturers of this powder is that it leavens without fermentation or decomposition, and that the exact equivalents of its constituents are used, whereby a perfectly neutral result is obtained, which invariably guarantees that particular and peculiar flavor in bread so much desired and appreciated by all. In fact, the oldest patrons of this powder declare that they get not only a superlative lightness of the bread, but that the biscuit, cakes, muffins, etc., never taste quite so sweet or so good as when they are raised by the Royal Baking Powder. This comes from its perfectly uniform combination of the best and purest materials, as has been shown by the examinations made by the United States government, which reveal the fact beyond a question that the Royal Baking Powder is the most scientifically compounded of any in the market. The Royal gives a delicious flavor to the bread.



THE DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS FOR COMMUNICATING FRENCH OFFICIAL PAPERS TO A FOREIGN POWER.—*L'Illustration*, Paris.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—CHINESE SOLDIERS FLYING BEFORE THE JAPANESE AFTER THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.—*London Graphic*.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—SCENES AFTER THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.—*London Graphic*.

BEST SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

NOT SO WONDERFUL AS HE THINKS IT IS.

HUSBAND (with desire to say something pleasant)—"Do you know, kitten, I could recognize you from your style anywhere!"
Kitten—"I should think you could, seeing that you have let me wear this same old style for two years."—Judge.

FAIR PLAY FOR WITNESSES.

A LAWYER has been accused of bullying a woman on the witness-stand. This is a curiosity of the new year. Heretofore lawyers have been permitted to insult as well as bully women witnesses, and the court and the outside world have looked upon it as a harmless pleasantry. Let that kind of meanness be eliminated from court trials and the loafers of the court-rooms will be relieved of half their fun.—Judge.

MRS. L. E. CASTLE, of Iowa, who is serving as justice of the peace, was elected to that position because the ticket had her initials instead of those of her husband. That gentleman must find it rather odd to reflect that his Castle's in the air from two wholly different points of view.—Judge.

CLEVELAND and Hill remarked simultaneously as they met for dining purposes, "I feel like I had found a long-lost brother"; and there wasn't a dry eye in the house.—Judge.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE NEW YORK weekly Judge notify the public that the use of Judge in local advertising schemes, by printing and inserting advertising pages between its leaves, is a direct violation of the publishers' rights under the copyright law; no one is authorized by the publishers to use Judge in this manner, and prompt measures will be taken to stop its being so used. Judge Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 830 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

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Gains by taking just on rising Bromo-Seltzer.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple, and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address, Mr. THOMAS BARNES, lock-box 626 Marshall, Michigan.

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Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Loss of Flesh, Emaciation, Weak Babies, Growing Children, Poor Mothers' Milk, Scrofula, Anæmia;

in fact, for all conditions calling for a quick and effective nourishment. Send for Pamphlet, Free. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and \$1.

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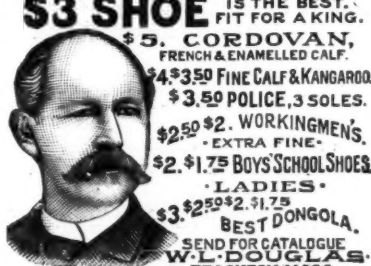
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